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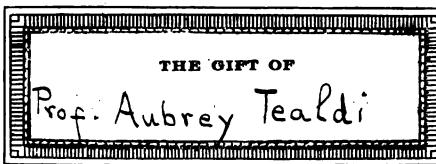
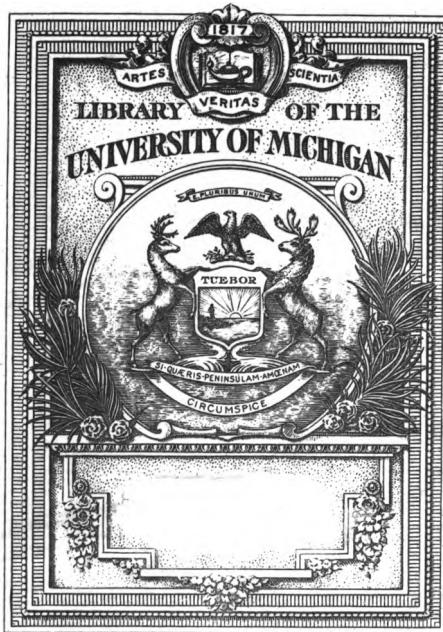
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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



Shakespeare, William

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

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FOREWORDS.

SHAKSPERE began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in *Loves Labors Lost*, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, *The Comedie of Errors*. For his (probably) third comedy, *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossipt. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheery merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspere's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. i. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his *Annales*, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the *Dreame* to the *Errors* and *L. L. Lost*.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1848, "the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspere wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the asa's head, in the other the 'little

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western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artisans should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsummer Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.' The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspere use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketcht, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen's play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspere's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in Rosalind and Celia, and the short one in Maria—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little tempery one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspere's work than a lady like Portia, earlier than Sylvia and Julia, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of

Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2.¹ Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 1279), if the *Dreame* had been performd, I think Stowe would have notist it.

The best Quarto of the *Midsommer Nights Dreame* is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and enterd in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fyssher. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vj^d."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and publisht the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was reprinted, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the *Dreame* as one of Shakspere's Comedies. The plot of the *Dreame*, such as it is, was Shakspere's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's englisch *Huon of Burdeaux* (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (pooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englising of Amiot's French translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne and Antiope, *Dreame* II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* must have been also in Shakspere's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

¹ See P. A. Daniel's paper in *Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-9, p. 147.

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took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the englisch Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspeare's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayd on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575¹ and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

¹ See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*.

[not in Q, or F.]

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star (*) to a scene means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

THESEUS, Duke of Athens (betrothed to **HIPPOLITA**), I.i.2, p. 2; IV.i.200, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

EGEUS, father of **HERMIA**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.209, p. 47.

LYSANDER, loving, & lov'd by, **HERMIA**, I.i.92, p. 4; II.i.35, 202, pp. 22, 22; III.i.100, 402, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.146, p. 48; V.i.30, p. 53.

DEMETRIUS, loving, but not lov'd by, **HERMIA**, the lov'd by **HELENA**, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.88, p. 16; II.i.83, p. 21; III.i.43, 237, 404, pp. 34, 35, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to **THESEUS**, I.i.* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 32.

HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to **THESEUS**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

HERMIA, **EGEUS**' daughter, in love with **LYSANDER**, I.i.53, p. 2; II.i.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.i.45, 177, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.88, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

HELENA (MEDARS daughter), in love with **DEMETERIUS**, I.i.85, p. 6; II.i.100, p. 16; II.i.84, p. 21; III.i.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.89, p. 49; V.i.* p. 52.

'The Clowns.' Actors in the *Enterlude*. ('Hardhanded men that
works in Athens,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

QUINCE the Carpenter (and Manager), I.i.2, p. 8; III.i.2, 104, pp. 24, 25; IV.ii.1, p. 50.

FRANCIS PROLOGUE (the cast for **THISBIES** Father, I.i.54, p. 10), V.i.108, p. 55.

SNUGGE the Joiner, I.i.57, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.i.15, p. 51.
as **LION**, V.i.215, p. 58.

BOTTOM the Weaver, I.i.2, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 109, pp. 43, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.
as **PYRAMUS**, V.i.168, 262, 338, pp. 52, 60, 62.

FLUTE the Bellows-mender, I.i.34, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.i.5, p. 50.
as **TRIANTFY**, V.i.186, 244, 312, pp. 57, 59, 61.

The Names of all the Actors.

KNOUT the Tinker, I.ii.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii,* p. 50.
as **WALL** (*the cast for PYRAMUS Father*, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 56.

STARUELING the Tayler, I.ii.50, p. 9; III.i.13, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.
as **MOONSHINE** (*the cast for THIRBIES Mother*, I.ii.51, p. 9), V.i.152, p. 59.

(**TAWYER**, *with a Trumpet*, V.i.125-6,* p. 55.)

Fairies.

OBERON, King of Fairies (*with his traine*), II.i.60, p. 13; II.ii.27, p. 30; III.II.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.

TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies (*with her traine*), II.I.61, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.I.113, p. 27; IV.I.1, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 63.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or PUCK (*OBERON's attendant*), II.I.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.ii.66, p. 21; III.I.76, p. 36; III.II.6, 110, 421, pp. 30, 32, 42; IV.II.83, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 62.

A Fairy, II.i.2, p. 11. *Fairies (with a song)*, II.ii.9, p. 19.

PEASE-BLOSSOME, III.I.144, p. 28; IV.I.6, p. 43.

COBWEBBE, III.I.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.

MOTH, III.I.144, p. 28; IV.i,* p. 43.

MUSTARD-SKEDE, III.I.144, p. 28; IV.I.18, p. 44.

} **TYTANIA's Attendants.**

Scene: Athens, Theseuses Palace, & Quince's house; & a Wood near Athens.

Time: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.I.349.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as *Shakspeare's*).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.



A Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times pub-
*licly acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.*

Written by William Shakespeare.



¶Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to
be foulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,
in Fleetstreete. 1600.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

THESEUS *palace. Athens. April 29.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, & PHILOSTRATE, with others.

Theseus.

Now, faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apafe: fower happy daies bring in 1
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow
This old Moone waness! She lingers my defires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager, 4
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time: 8
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,
New bent in heauen, shal beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Goe, *Philoftrate*!
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments; 12
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth;
Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals!
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* **PHILOSTRATE**.
¶ *Hippolita*,† I woo'd thee with my fword, 16
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

* *Actus Primus.* F. 10. *new*] Rowe. now Q1, 2, F.
4. *waness*] waues (turnd n) Q; †16. *Hippolita*] Hypolite Q.
waues Q2, F. Hippolite Q2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER ;
and HELENA, and DEMETRIUS.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renownēd duke ! 20

The. Thankes, good *Egeus* ! Whats the newes with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

¶ Stand forth, *Demetrius* !

¶ My noble Lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

¶ Stand forth, *Lysander* !

¶ And, my gratiouse Duke, 28

This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.

¶ Thou, thou, *Lysander* ! thou hast giuen her rimes 32

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe :

Thou haft, by moone-light, at her windowe fung,

With faining voice, veries of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her phantafie 36

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nosegaies, sweete-meates, (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth :)

With cunning haft thou filcht my daughters heart, 40

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee,)

To stubborne harshnesse. ¶ And, my gratiouse Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius* : 44

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be, either to this gentleman, [*Points to Demetrius*.] 48

Or to her death ; according to our lawe,

Immediately prouided, in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia* ? Be aduif'd, faire maid !

To you, your father shoulde be as a God :

One that compof'd your beauties ; yea, and one 52

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*. 56

The. In himfelfe he is :

I. i. 20-53.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes ! 56

The. Rather, your eyes must, with his judgement, looke !

Her. I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee !

I know not by what power I am made bould ;

60

Nor how it may concerne my modesty,

In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts :

But I befeech your Grace, that I may knowe

The worst that may befall mee in this case,

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

64

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the society of men.

Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question your desires,

68

Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yelde not to your fathers choyce,) 68

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady cloyster mew'd,

To liue a barraine fister all your life,

72

Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlesse Moone.

Thrife bleffed they that master so theire* bloode,

To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage ;

But earthlyer happy, is the rofe distild,

76

Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffednesse !

Her. So will I growe, so liue, so die, my Lord,

80

Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp

Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwished yoake

My soule consents not to giue souerainty.

The. Take time to pawfe, and, by the next newe moone,
(The fealing day betwixt my loue and mee 84

For euerlafting bond of fellowshipppe,)

Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,

(For disobedience to your fathers will,)

Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would ;

88

Or, on *Dianaes* altar, to protest

For aye, auferitie and fingle life.

Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia* ! ¶ and, *Lysander*, yeeld

*74. *theire*] their Q2, F. there Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Thy crazed title to my certaine right ! | 92 |
| <i>Lys.</i> You haue her fathers loue, <i>Demetrius</i> ; | |
| Let me haue <i>Hermias</i> ! doe you marry him ! | |
| <i>Egeus.</i> Scornefull <i>Lysander</i> ! true, he hath my loue ; | 96 |
| And what is mine, my loue shall render him. | |
| And she is mine ; and all my right of her, | |
| I doe estate vnto <i>Demetrius</i> . | |
| <i>Lysand.</i> I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee, | |
| As well posfett ; my loue is more than his ; | 100 |
| My fortunes every way as fairely rankt | |
| (If not with vantage) as <i>Demetrius</i> : | |
| And (which is more then all these boastes can be,) I am belou'd of beautious <i>Hermia</i> . | 104 |
| Why should not I then prosecute my right ? | |
| <i>Demetrius</i> (Ile auouch it to his heade !) | |
| Made loue to <i>Nedars</i> daughter, <i>Helena</i> , | |
| And won her soule ; and she (the sweete Ladie) dotes, | 108 |
| Deightly dotes, dotes in Idolatry, | |
| Vpon this spotted and inconstant man. | |
| <i>The.</i> I must confess that I haue heard so much ; | |
| And, with <i>Demetrius</i> , thought to haue spoke thereof ; | 112 |
| But, being ouer full of selfe affaires, [looks at <i>Hyp.</i> | |
| My minde did loose it. ¶ But, <i>Demetrius</i> , come ! | |
| ¶ And come, <i>Egeus</i> ! you shall goe with mee ; | |
| I haue some priuate schooling for you both. | 116 |
| ¶ For you, faire <i>Hermia</i> , looke you arme your selfe | |
| To fit your fancies to your fathers will ; | |
| Or else, the Law of <i>Athens</i> yeelds you vp | |
| (Which by no meanes we may extenuate,) To death, or to a vowe of fingle life. | 120 |
| ¶ Come, my <i>Hippolita</i> ! what cheare, my loue ? [takes her | |
| ¶ <i>Demetrius</i> and <i>Egeus</i> ,* goe along ! hand. | |
| I must employ you in some businesse, | 124 |
| Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you | |
| Of some thing, nerely that concernes your felues. | |
| <i>Ege.</i> With duety and desire, we follow you. | |
| [<i>Exeunt. Manent LYSANDER and HERMIA.</i> † | |

*123. *Egeus*] Q2, F. Egeu Q.

†127. *Exeunt. Manent . . .*] Exeunt. Manet F. Exeunt. Qq.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- Lys.* How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast? 129
- Her.* Belike, for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
- Lys.* Eigh me! for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe;
But either it was different in bloud;
(*Her.* O croffe! too high to be inthrald to lowe.) 136
- Lys.* Or elfe misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
(*Her.* O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)
Lys. Or elfe, it floode vpon the choyce of friends;
(*Her.* O hell! to choose loue by anothers eyes.) 140
- Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death, or ficknesse, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, 'Beholde!' 144
- The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp
So quicke, bright things come to confusïon!
148
- Her.* If, then, true louers haue bin euer croft,
It stands as an edict in destiny;
Then let vs teach our triall, patiïence,
Because it is a customary croffe,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Wishes, and teares, poore Fancies followers. 152
- Lys.* A good periwaison: therefore, heare mee, *Hermia*!
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager, 157
Of great reutnew, and she hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues;
And she respectes mee as her only sonne.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And, to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purfue vs. If thou louest mee, then,
Steale forth thy fathers house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the towne, 160
164

136. *loue*] Theobald. *loue* Q₁, F. 154. *dewe*] Q. *due* Q₂, F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

(Where I did mee the once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance to a morne of May,)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. [takes *Lys.*'s hand] My good *Lysander* ! 168
I feare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues, 172
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene, 174
When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke !) 176
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To-morrow truely will I mee the with thee ! 178
Lys. Keepe promise, loue ! Looke, here comes *Helena* !

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speede, faire *Helena* ! whither away ?
Hel. Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vnsay ! 181
Demetrius loues your 'faire': ô happy 'faire' !
Your eyes are loadstarres ; and your tongue's sweete aire 183
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185
Sicknesse is catching : O, were fauour so,
Your words Ide catch, 'faire' *Hermia*, ere I goe ; 187
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody ! 189
Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,)
The rest ile glue to be to you translated. 191
O, teach mee how you looke ; and with what Art,
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart ! 193
Her. I frowne vpon him ; yet hee loues mee still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil !
Her. I glue him curses ; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue ! 197
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee. 199
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

182. *your*] Q. you F.

187. *Id*] F2. I Qq, F.

I. i. 166-200.]

191. *id*] Q, F. ide Hammer

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Hel.</i> None but your beauty : would that fault were mine ! | 203 |
| <i>Her.</i> Take comfort ! he no more shall see my face : | |
| <i>Lysander</i> and my selfe will fly this place. | 203 |
| Before the time I did <i>Lisander</i> see, | |
| Seem'd <i>Athens</i> as a Paradise to mee. | 205 |
| O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell, | |
| That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell ! | 207 |
| <i>Lys.</i> <i>Helen</i> ! to you our mindes wee will vnfould : | |
| To-morrow night, when <i>Phaebe</i> doth beholde | 209 |
| Her filuer vifage in the wattry* glasse, | |
| Decking with liquid pearle the bladed grasse, | 211 |
| (A time that louers flights doth still conceale) | |
| Through <i>Athens</i> gates, haue wee deuis'd to steale. | 213 |
| <i>Her.</i> And in the wood, where often you and I, | |
| Vpon faint Primrose beddes were wont to lye, | 215 |
| (Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell fweld.) | |
| There, my <i>Lysander</i> and my selfe shall meete ; | |
| And thence, from <i>Athens</i> , turne away our eyes, | |
| To seeke new friends and strange companiōns. | 219 |
| Farewell, sweete playfellow ! pray thou for vs, | |
| And good lucke graunt thee thy <i>Demetrius</i> ! | 221 |
| ¶ Keepe word, <i>Lysander</i> ! we must starue our fight | |
| From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. | 223 |
| [Exit HERMIA. | |
| <i>Lys.</i> I will, my <i>Hermia</i> . ¶ <i>Helena</i> , adieu ! | |
| As you on him, <i>Demetrius</i> dote on you ! [Exit LYSANDER. | |
| <i>Hele.</i> How happie some, ore othersome can be ! | |
| Through <i>Athens</i> , I am thought as faire as shee. | 227 |
| But what of that ? <i>Demetrius</i> thinkes not so ; | |
| He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know. | 229 |
| And as hee erres, doting on <i>Hermias</i> eyes, | |
| So I, admiring of his qualities. | 231 |
| Things base and vile, holding no quantitie, | |
| Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie. | 233 |
| Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde ; | |
| And therefore is wingd <i>Cupid</i> painted blinde. | 235 |
| Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement tafte ; | |
| Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haste. | 237 |

207. *vnto a*] Q. into Q2, F. *210. *wattry*] watty Q. watty Q2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|-----|
| And therefore is loue faid to bee a childe, | |
| Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd. | 239 |
| As waggish boyes, in game themselues forsware, | |
| So the boy, Loue, is perjur'd euery where. | 241 |
| For, ere <i>Demetrius</i> lookt on <i>Hermias</i> eyen, | |
| Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine. | 243 |
| And when this haile, some heate from <i>Hermia</i> felt, | |
| So he dissolued, and shoures of oathes did melt. | 245 |
| I will goe tell him of faire <i>Hermias</i> flight : | |
| Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night | 247 |
| Pursue her : and for this intelligence, | |
| If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense : | 249 |
| But herein meane I to enrich my paine, | |
| To haue his fight, thither, and back againe. | |

[Exit. 251]

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

QUINCES house. Athens. April 29.

Enter, Quince the Carpenter, and Snugge the Ioyner, and Bottom the Weaver, and Flute the Bellowes mender, & Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Tayler.

*Quin.** Is all our company heere ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrippe.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peeter Quince*, say what the Play treats on ; then read the names of the A&tors ; & so grow to a point !

Quin. Marry, our Play is, 'The most lamentable comedy, and most cruell death, of *Pyramus* and *Thijby*.'

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a merry ! Now, good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your A&tors, by the scrowle ! ¶ Mafter, spreade your selues ! [They do so. 13

Quin. Answere, as I call you. ¶ *Nick Bottom*, the Weaver ?

Bot. Readie ! Name what part I am for, and proceede !

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set downe for *Pyramus*. 16

*1. *Quin.*] Q2, F. *Quin.* (turnd u) Q.
I. i. 238-251 ; ii. 1-16.] 8

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant? 17

Quin. A louer, that kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I wil mooue stormes! I will condole, in some measure! To the reft! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split 23

The raging rocks:

*And shiuering shocks
Shall breake the locks
Of prison gates!
And Phibbus carre
Shall shine from farre,
And make 'E' marre
The foolish Fates!*

27

31

This was loftie! Now, name the rest of the Players! This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here, *Peeter Quince*!

35

Quin. *Flute*, you must take *Thi/b/y* on you.

*Flut.** What is *Thi/b/y*? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue.

38

Fl. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard comming. [*strokes his chin.*]

Quin. That's all one! you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will.

42

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thi/b/y* too!† Ile speake in a monstrous little voice, thisne, thisne: 'Ah, *Pyramus*, my louer deare! thy *Thy/b/y* deare, & Lady deare!' 45

Qu. No, no! you must play *Pyramus*: ¶ & *Flute*, you *Thy/b/y*.

Bot. Well, proceede!

Qui. *Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

49

Star. Here, *Peeter Quince*!

Quin. *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thy/b/y*es mother. ¶ *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

*37. *Flut.*] F. Fla. Q1, 2. way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'

†43. *too*] F. to Q1, 2. Q. F.

44. *thisne, thisne* — this'n, this

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Snowt. Here, *Peter Quince*!

53

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my selfe, *Thibes* father¹.
¶ *Snugge*, the Ioyner! you, the Lyons part: And, I hope,
here is a Play fitted!

56

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it
bee, giue it mee; [*holds out his hand*] for I am slowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extempore*; for it is nothing but
roaring.

60

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too!* I will roare, that I will
doe any mans heart good to heare mee! I will roare, that I
will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe! let him
roare againe!' 64

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike; and
that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne!

68

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies
out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to
hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I wil roare
you as gently as any fucking done; I will roare you and²
'twere any Nightingale.

73

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*; for *Piramus* is
a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a som-
mers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you
must needes play *Piramus*.

77

Bot. Well; I will vndertake it. What beard were I best
to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

80

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard,
your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or
your French-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow.

83

Quin. Some of your 'French crownes' haue no haire at
all; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, Maisters! here
are your parts! [*gives em*] And I am to intreat you, request
you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and
meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by
Moonelight: there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete [89]

¹ See note on *L. L. L.*, V. i. 105. | 69. *if*] Q1, 2. If that F.

*61. *too*] Q2, F. to Q. | ² and — as if.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92

Bot. Wee will meeete; & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiouly. Take paines! bee perfit! adieu!

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meeete.

Bot. Enough! holde, or cut bowstrings!

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

A Wood neere Athens. April 30.

¶ *Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCKE) at another.*

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>Robin.</i> How now, spirit? whither wander you? | |
| <i>Fa.</i> Ouer hill, ouer dale, 2 | |
| Thorough bush, thorough brier, | |
| Ouer parke, ouer pale, | |
| Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5 | |
| I do wander euery where, | |
| Swifter than the Moons Iphere, 7 | |
| And I serue the Fairy Queene, | |
| To dew her orbs vpon the greene. 9 | |
| The cowslippes tall, her Penfioners bee; | |
| In their gold coats, spottes you see: 11 | |
| Thofe be Rubies, Fairie fauours; | |
| In thofe freckles, liue their fauours. 13 | |
| I must goe feeke fome dew-dropes here, | |
| And hang a pearle in euery coulippes eare. 15 | |
| Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ille be gon. | |
| Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon. 17 | |
| <i>Rob.</i> The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night. | |
| Take heede the Queene come not within his fight; 19 | |
| For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, | |
| Because that ſhe, as her attendant, hath 21 | |
| A lonely boy, ſtollen from an Indian king: | |

* *Actus Secundus*] F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

¹ C. *lop-eard rabbits.* 46. *filly*] Q. *silly* Q2, F. 55. *losse* — *laugh*.
[II. i. 23-59.] 12

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter the King of Fairies, (OBERON) at one doore, with his
traine; and the Queene, (TYTANIA) at another, with hers.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Ob. | Ill met by moonelight, proud <i>Tytania!</i> | 60 |
| Qu. | What! Iealous <i>Oberon</i> ? ¶ Fairies, skippe hence! | |
| I have forsworne his bedde, and company. | | |
| Ob. | Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord? | |
| Qu. | Then I must be thy Lady: but I know | 64 |
| When thou haft stollen away from Fairy land, And, (in the shape of <i>Corin</i> ,) sat all day, Playing on pipes of corne, and verfing loue, To amorous <i>Phillida</i> . Why art thou here, (Come from the farthest steppe of <i>India</i>), | | 68 |
| But that, forsooth, the bounfing <i>Amazon</i> , Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue, To <i>Theseus</i> must be wedded; and you come, To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie? | | 72 |
| Ob. | How canſt thou thus, (for shame,) <i>Tytania</i> , Glaunce at my credit with <i>Hippolita</i> , Knowing I know thy loue to <i>Theseus</i> ? | 76 |
| Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night From <i>Perigenia</i> , whom he rauifhēd? And make him, with faire <i>Aegle</i> breake his faith, With <i>Ariadne</i> , and <i>Antiopa</i> ? | | 80 |
| Quē. | These are the forgeries of iealousie: And neuer, (ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,) Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade, By pauēd fountaine, or by rufhie brooke, | 84 |
| Or in the beachēd margent of the Sea, To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde, But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport. Therefore the windes, piping to vs in vaine, | | 88 |
| As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp from the Sea, Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land, Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proude, That they haue ouerborne their Continents. | | 92 |

61. *Fairy*] Q1, 2, F : the onechief or attendant Fairy of line 58; the 'traine' who enter, fall back; but all are included in the 'Fairies' of F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde : 96
The fold stande empty in the drownēd field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrioun flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndisguishable. 100
The hūmane mortals want their winter heere :
No night is now with hymne or carroll blest.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire, 104
That Rheumaticke diseaſes doe abound ;
And, thorough this diſtemperaſture, wee fee
The ſeafons alter : hoary-headed frofts
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymfon roſe ; 108
And, on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes,
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter, change 112
Their wonted Liueries ; and the mazēd worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which :
And this fame progeny of euils, comes
From our debate, from our diſſentioň : 116
We are their Parents and origiňall.
- Oberon.* Doe you amend it, then ! it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon* ?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy, 120
To be my Henchman.
- Queene.* Set your heart at reft !
The Faيري Land buies not the childe of mee !
His mother was a Votrefſe of my order ;
And in the ſpicēd *Indian* ayer, by night, 124
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarkēd traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the failes conceaue,

109. *chinne*] Q1, 2, F. *thin* | thin hair, or a thin coating of ice ?
Tyrwhitt, conj. adopted by Halli- | A ſubſtitute is wanted for the beard-
well, &c. But why 'thin' ? (For icicles that hang from *Hyems*'s chin.
II. i. 93-128.] 14

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton winde ;
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate, and saile vpon the land, 132
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy ; 136
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you stay ?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after Theseus wedding day. 139
If you will patiently daunce in our Round, 140
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs !
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts !

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee !

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome ! ¶ Fairies, away ! 144
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay !

[Exeunt TYTANIA and her Traine.]

Ob. Well : goe thy way ! Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury !
¶ My gentle *Pucke*, come hither ! Thou remembrest, 148
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemade, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious * breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song, 152
And certaine † starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember !

Ob. That very time, I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, 156
Cupid, all arm'd : a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the † west,
And loof'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts ; 160
But, I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votrefesse pass'd on,

*151. *harmonious*] Q2, F. her- | †153. *certaine*] Q2, F. cettaine Q.
monious Q. | †158. *the*] F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

- In maiden meditation, fancy-free ! 164
 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower ;
 Before, milke white ; now purple, with Loues wound,
 And maidens call it, ' Loue-in-idlenesse.' 168
 Fetch mee that flowre ! the herbe I shewed thee once.
 The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
 Will make, or man or woman, madly dote
 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees. 172
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league !
Pu. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
 In forty minutes ! [Exlt. 176
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a-sleepe,
 And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then, she, waking, lookest vpon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, 180
 On medling Monk, or on busie Ape,)
 She shall pursue it, with the soule of Loue.
 And ere I take this charme from off* her fift,
 (As I can take it with another herbe,) 184
 Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.
 But who comes here ? I am inuisible ;
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

- Deme.* I loue thee not ! therefore pursue me not ! 188
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia* ?
 The one Ile slay ; the other slayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood :
 And here am I ; and ' wodde ' (within this ' wood,') 192
 Because I cannot meeet my *Hermia*.
 Hence ! get thee† gone ! and follow mee no more !
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant !
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 196

*183. *from off*] from of [= off] Q1, 2, F.
 Q; off from Q2, F. 192. *wodde* = mad.
 190. *slay . . slayeth*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). stay . . stayeth †194. *thee*] Q2, F. the Q.
 [II. 1. 164-196.] 16

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you!

Deme. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather, doe I not, in plaineſt truthe,
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor* I cannot loue you'?

200

Hele. And euen for that, do I loue you the more;
I am your Spaniell! and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your Spaniell! ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Neglect mee, loſe mee! onely giue me leaue,
(Vnworthie as I am,) to follow you!
What worſer place can I begge in your loue,
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee,) Then to be viſed as you vſe your dogge?

204

Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick when I do looke on thee!

212

Hele. And I am ſick when I looke not on you!

Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not;
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.

216

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge. For that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you, (in my reſpect,) are all the world.
Then, how can it be ſaide, 'I am alone,'
When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?

220

Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes!

228

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you!
Runne when you will; The ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chafe;
The Doue purſues the Griffon; the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeeđe to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeeđe,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies!

232

*201. nor] F. not Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe!
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleue
But I shall doe thee mischife in the wood. 236

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me mischife! Fy, *Demetrius!*
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex!
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woe! 240
242

[*Exit DEMETRUS.*]

Ile follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well! 243
[*Exit HELENA.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue! 246

Re-enter PUCKE.

¶ Haft thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

Puck. I, there it is! [*holds it out.*]

Ob. I pray thee, giue it mee! [*takes it.*]
I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250
Quite ouercanopi'd, with lushious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine: 252
There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight; 254
And there the snake, throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile freate her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue!
A sweete *Athenian* Lady, is in loue 260
With a difdainefull youth: annoint his eyes;
But doe it, when the next thing he espies, 262
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 264
Effect it with some care, that he may prooue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue: 266
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe!
Pu. Feare not, my Lord! your seruant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

238. *the fielde*] Q. and fielde Q2, F. | 251. ?An Alexandrine, or *Quite*

*244. *Exit Helena.*] Exit. Q2, F. | *ouer / canopi'd / 2 measures or feet.*
II. i. 235-268.] 18

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song !
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence !
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds ;
Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings,
To make my small Elues coates ; and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our quaint spirits ! Sing me now a-sleepe !*
Then to your offices, and let mee rest !

1

4

8

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue, 9
Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene !
Newts and blidewormes, do no wrong !
Come not neere our Fairy Queene ! 12
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ! lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Neuer harme, 16
Nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh !
So, good night, with lullaby ! 19
1. Fai. Weauing Spiders, come not heere ! 20
Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence !
Beetles blacke, approach not neere !
Worme nor snaile, doe no offence ! 23
All. Philomele, with melody, &c. [TITANIA sleepes.]
2. Fai. Hence, away ! now all is well :
One aloofe, stand Centinell ! [Exeunt Fairies.

23

*7. a-sleepe] Q2, F. a sleepe Q. | sleepes. F (after line 26).
20. 1. Fai.] 2 Fairy Q. | 25. 2. Fai.] Q. 1 Fairy F.
†24. Titania sleepes.] Shee |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter OBERON. He squeezes juice from the Pansy on
TITANIAS clos'd eyellds.*

Ob. What thou seest when thou doest wake, 27
Doe it for thy true loue take!
Loue and languish for his sake! 29
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare!
Wake, when some vile thing is neere! 31
[Exit. 34]

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

Lys. Faire loue! you fainte with wandring in the wood;
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!
Weele rest vs, *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort* of the day. 38
Her. Be † it so, *Lysander*! finde you out a bedde!
For I, vpon this banke will rest my head. [*Lyes downe.*]
Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both;
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth! 42
Her. Nay, good ‡ *Lysander*! for my sake, my deere,
Ly further off yet! doe not lye so neere! 44
Lys. O, take the sence, Sweete, of my innocence!
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference. 46
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it;
'Two bosomes' interchainēd with an oath; 48
So then, 'two bosomes,' and a singlē 'troth.'
Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny;
For, 'lying' so, *Hermia*, I doe not 'lye'! 50
Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily!
Now, much beshrewē my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* 'lyed'! 53
But, gentle friend, for loue and curtefie,
Ly further off! In hūmane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said 55
57

*38. *comfort*] Q2, F. comfor Q. | ‡43. *good*] Q2, F. god Q.

†39. *Be*] Q2, F. Bet Q. | § 47. *w*] Q2, F. it Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [*points away.* 59
So farre, be distant! and, good night, sweete friend!

Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end! 61

Lys. 'Amen! amen!' to that faire prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty! 63

Heere is my bed: sleepe give thee all his rest!

[*Lyes downe apart.*

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest! 65

[*They sleepe.* *]

Enter PUCKE.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone;
But *Athenian* found I none, 67

On whose eyes I might approue

This flowers force in stirring loue. [*Sees LYSANDE.* 69

Night and silence! Who is heere?

Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare! 71

This is hee (my master faide)

Despised the *Athenian* maide! [*Sees HERMIA.* 73

And here the maiden, sleeping found,

On the danke and dirty ground! 75

Pretty sowle! the durft not lye

Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtefie! 77

¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe

[*Squeezes juice on Lys.'s eyellids.*

All the power this charme doth owe! 79

When thou wak'ft, let loue forbiddes

Sleepe, his seat on thy eye lidde! 81

So awake, when I am gon;

For I must now to *Oberon*! 83

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete *Demetrius*!

De. I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!

Hele. O, wilt thou (darkling) leaue mee? doe not so!

De. Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [*Exit.†* 87

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace! 89

Happie is *Hermia*, wheresoere she lies;

*65. *They sleepe.*] F.

+87. *Exit.*] Exit Demetrius. F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|-----|
| For she hath blessed and attractive eyes ! | 91 |
| How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt teares ! | |
| If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers. | 93 |
| No, no ! I am as vgly as a Beare ; | |
| For beastes that meeet mee, runne away for feare ! | 95 |
| Therefore, no maruaile though <i>Demetrius</i> | |
| Doe, as a monster, fly my presence thus ! | 97 |
| What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine, | |
| Made me compare with <i>Hermias</i> sphery eyen ? [8008 <i>Lys.</i> 99 | |
| But who is here ? <i>Lysander</i> ? on the ground ? | |
| Dead ? or a-sleepe ? I see no blood, no wound ! | 101 |
| ¶ <i>Lysander</i> ! if you liue, good sir, awake ! [shakes him. | |
| <i>Lys.</i> [Waking] And runne through fire I will, for thy weete sake ! | 103 |
| Transparent <i>Helena</i> ! Nature shewes Arte, | |
| That through thy boosome makes me see thy heart ! | 105 |
| Where is <i>Demetrius</i> ? Oh, how fit a word | |
| Is that vile name, to perish on my sworde ! | 107 |
| <i>Hel.</i> Do not say so, <i>Lysander</i> ! say not so ! | |
| What though he loue your <i>Hermia</i> ? Lord, what though ? | 109 |
| Yet <i>Hermia</i> still loues you : then be content ! | |
| <i>Lys.</i> 'Content' with 'Hermia' ? No ! I doe repent | |
| The tedious minutes I with her haue spent ! | 111 |
| Not 'Hermia,' but <i>Helena</i> , I loue ! | |
| Who will not change a Rauen for a doue ? | 114 |
| The will of man, is by his reason swai'd ; | |
| And 'reason' faies you are the worthier maide. | 116 |
| Things growing, are not ripe vntill their season : | |
| So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reason' ; | 118 |
| And touching now the point of humane skill, | |
| 'Reason' becomes the Marshall to my will, | 120 |
| And leads mee to your eyes ; where I oreooke | |
| Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke ! | 122 |
| <i>Hel.</i> Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne ? | |
| When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorne ? | 124 |
| Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man, | |
| That I did never, no, nor never can, | 126 |
| Deserue a sweete looke from <i>Demetrius</i> eye, | |
| But you must flout my insufficiency ? | 128 |
| Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good sooth, you doe !) | |
| IL ii. 91-129.] | 22 |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| In such disdainfull manner mee to wooo! | 130 |
| But fare you well ! perforce, I must confesse, | |
| I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse. | 132 |
| O, that a Ladie, of one man refuſ'd, | |
| Should of another, therefore be abuſ'd ! | [Exit. 134] |
| <i>Lys.</i> She ſees not <i>Hermia</i> ! ¶ <i>Hermia</i> , ſleepe thou there ; | |
| And neuer maift thou come <i>Lysander</i> neere ! | 136 |
| For, as a ſurfeſt of the ſweeteſt things, | |
| The deepest loathing, to the ſtomacke brings : | 138 |
| Or, as the herefies that men doe leauie, | |
| Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue, | 140 |
| So thou, my ſurfeſt and my herifie, | |
| Of all bee hated ! but the moſt, of mee ! | 142 |
| And, all my powers, addreſſe your loue and might, | |
| To honour <i>Helen</i> , and to be her knight ! | [Exit. 144] |
| <i>Her.</i> [Waking] Helpe mee, <i>Lysander</i> ! helpe mee ! do | |
| thy beſt | |
| To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breſt ! | 146 |
| Ay mee, for pittie ! What a dreame was here ! | |
| <i>Lysander</i> ! looke how I doe quake with feare ! | 148 |
| Me thought a ſerpent ate my heart away, | |
| And you ſate ſmiling at his cruell pray ! | 150 |
| <i>Lysander</i> ! what ! remou'd ? <i>Lysander</i> ! Lord ! | |
| What ! out of hearing gon ? No found ? no word ? | 152 |
| Alacke ! where are you ? Speake, and if you heare ! | |
| Speake, of all loues ! I fwoune almost with feare ! | 154 |
| No ? then I well perceiue you are not ny : | |
| Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately ! | [Exit. 156] |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

The Wood neere Athens. TITANIA asleepe. April 30.

Enter the Clownes, BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOOT, STARVELING, SNUGGE, and FLUTE.

Bott. Are wee all met? I

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauhorse-brake our tyring house [*points to them*]; and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke! 5

Bott. Peeter Quince?

Quin. What faiest thou, bully *Bottom*? 7

Bot. There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thiby*, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a fworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide! How answere you that? II

Snoot. Berlakin! a parlous feare!

Star. I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit! I haue a deuise to make all well! Write me a Prologue; and let the Prologue seeme to say, 'we wil do no harme with our fwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer'! this will put them out of feare. 19

Quin. Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 21

Bot. No: make it two more! let it be written in eight & eight!

Snoot. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you! 25

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues,† to bring in (God shielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote! 29

* *Actus Tertius*] F. Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24,
2. *maruailes*] Q: its way of p. 44.
spelling the *maruailes* of Q2, F. †26. *selues*] F. *selfe* Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue must tel he is 'not a Lion!' 31

Bot. Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face must be seene through the Lions necke; and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; 'Ladies!' or 'faire Ladies!' 'I would wish you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life! No! I am no such thing! I am a man, as other men are!' & there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainlye he is 'Snugge the Ioyner'! 40

Quin. Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thioby* meeete by Moone-light. 43

Snugge. Doth the Moone shyne* that night we play our Play?

Bo. A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack! finde out Moone-shyne, finde out Moone-shyne! [night!]

Quin. [producing an Almanack] Yes! it doth shyne that

Bot. Why, then may you leue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shyne in at the casement. 51

Quin. I! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns & a lantern, and say 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moone-shyne.' Then, there is another thing: we must haue a wal in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* & *Thioby* (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

Snout. You can neuer bring in 'a wal'! What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present 'wall': and let him haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough-cast, about him; to signifie 'wall'; and let him holde his fingers thus [<]; and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thioby* whisper. 61

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and reherse your parts! [They sit downe.] ¶ *Pyramus*, you beginne! when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake¹! and so euery one according to his cue.

44. *Snugge*] *Sn.* Q1, 2, F. *Snug* F2. (Snout Cam., not letting *Snugge* speak in this scene.)

*44. *shine*] Q2, F. *shine* Q.

49. *Bot.*] Q2, F. *Cet.* Q. 60. *and*] *Delius* (Collier). or *Q1, 2, F.*

¹ See line 4, abuv, p. 24.

[III. i. 30-65.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter ROBIN (PUCKE), behind.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene ?
What ! a play toward ! Ile be an Auditor ;
An Actor too,* perhapses, if I see caufe. 69

Quin. Speake, *Pyramus* ! ¶ *Thyby*, stand forth !

[*They advance.*

Pyra. *Thisby, the flowers of odious sauours sweete, . . .*

(*Quin.* Odours ! odours ! †)

Py. Odours sauours sweete :

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare ! 73
But harke ! a voice ! stay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[*Exit 'Into that Brake'.*

(*Puck.* † A stranger *Pyramus* then ere played heere !)

[*Follows BOT.*

Thys. [FLUTE.] Must I speake now ? 77

Quin. I, marry, must you ! For you must vnderstand, he
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. *Most radiant Pyramus ! most lillie white of hewe !*

(*Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer ;*) 81

Most briky Iuuenall, and ecke most louely Iewe !
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies toumbe ! 84

Quin. 'Ninus toumbe,' man ! Why ! you must not speake
that yet ! That, you answere to *Pyramus* ! You speake al
your part at once, cues and all ! ¶ *Pyramus, enter ! your cue*
is past : It is ; 'neuer tire.' 88

Thys. O ! 'As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre !'

*Re-enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOOME) with the Asse head. § ROBIN
follows, stamping (see III. II. 26).*

Py. *If I were faire, Thysby, I were onely thine ! . . .*

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! We are haunted ! Pray,
masters, fly ! || masters, helpe ! 92

[*The Clownes all exount, save BOTTOM.*

*69. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

§89. *Enter . . . Asse head.*] F

†72. *odours*] F. odorous Q1, 2.

(after l. 98).

‡76. *Puck*] F. Quin. Q1, 2.

||92. *fly*] flye Q2, F. sly Q.



A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Rob. Ile follow you ! Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer !
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound,
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, 96
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at every turne ! [Exit.
Bott. Why doe they runne away ? This is a knauery of
them, to make mee afeard. 100

Re-enter SNOWTE.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd ! What do I see on thee ?
Bot. What doe you see ? You see an Asse-head of your
owne, Do you ? [Exit SNOWTE.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleffe thee, *Bottom* ! bleffe thee ! Thou art translated !
[Exit.

Bot. I see their knauery ! This is to make an asse of mee ;
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not stirre from this
place, do what they can ! I will walke vp and downe heere,
and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraide : 108

[*Singis*] *The Woefull cock, so blacke of hewe,*

With Orange tauny bill,
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren, with little quill, . . . 112

(*Tytania.* [wakes] What Angell wakes me from my flowry
bed ?)

Bot. [*singis*] *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,*
The plainfong Cuckow gray,
(Whose note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, 'nay !') 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde ? Who
would give a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so ?

Tita. [*rises*] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe !
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note ; 121
So is mine eye enthrallēd to thy shape ;
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
On the first viewe, to say, to swere, 'I loue thee ! ' 124

Bott. Meethinks, mistresse, you should haue little reason
for that ! And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies ! The more the pitty,

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!
Nay, I can gleeke, vpon occasion. 129

Tyta. Thou art as wife as thou art beautifull!

Bott. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne* turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe!
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no! 134

I am a spirit, of no common rate,
(The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state;) 136

And I doe loue thee! therefore, goe with mee!
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee; 138

And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on preffed flowers doſt sleepe: 140

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesſe ſo,
That thou shalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe. 142

¶ Peafe-bloſſome! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seede!

Enter theſe foure Fairyes.

1. *Fairie.* Readie!

2. *Fairie.* And I!

3. *Fairie.* And I!

4. *Fairie.* And I!

All 4. Where ſhall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman; [points to B.
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes; 146

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries;

The hony bagges, ſteale from the Humble-Bees; 149

And, for night tapers, crope their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bedde, and to arife;

And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, 153

To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes!

Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtesies! [They do 80. 155

1. *Fai.* Haile, mortall!

*132. *owne*] Q2, F. owe Q.

144. 1. *Fairie* . . . All] Capell. consecutive identical rymes in Shakespere. See 8 in *y*, below, p. 32;

Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Q. F. and 8 in *-e*, p. 46; and 7 in *-ing*,

Lucrece, 428-434.

146-155: the only instance of 10 156-159. 1. *Fairie*. . . 4. *Fairie*.

III. 1. 128-156.]



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2. *Fai.*

Haile !

3. *Fai.*

Haile !

4. *Fairie.*

Haile ! 156

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily ! I befeech your worshippes name !

Cob. Cobwebbe !

159

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb !* if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.

¶ Your name, honest gentleman ?

Pea. Pease-blossome !

163

Bot. I pray you command mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too.

¶ Your name, I befeech you, sir !

Must. Mustardseede !

168

Bot. Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well. That same cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuourd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire your* more acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*. 173

Tita. Come, waite vpon him ! leade him to my bower ! 174

The Moone, me thinkes, lookest with a watry eye ;
And when shee weepes, weepes every little flower, 176

Lamenting some enforcëd chaftitie !

Ty vp my louers tongue ! bring him silenty ! 178

[*Exeunt, Fairies leading Bottom.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Wood. April 30.

Enter OBERON, King of Fairies ; and soon after, ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCK).

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't !

Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extreamitie !

3

Haile ! Capell. 1. *Fai.* *Haile mor-* best Bottom's leaving out *Moth*
tall, haile. 2. *Fai.* *Haile.* 3. *Fai.* afterwards here, as he does in IV.i.)

Haile. Q1, 2, F. (Capell's change 166. *too*] to Q1, 2, F.

suits best *Titania's* 'Elues,' l. 155. *172. *your*] you Q.

The 3 Fairies only, of Q, F, suits 178. *Exeunt.*] Exit. Q1, 2, F.

29 [III. i. 156-178; ii. 1-3.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter PUCKE.

| | |
|--|----|
| Here comes my messenger ! ¶ How now, mad spirit ? | 4 |
| What night-rule now, about this haunted groue ? | |
| <i>Puck.</i> My mistresse, with a monster is in loue ! | 6 |
| Neere to her close and consecrated bower, | |
| While she was in her dull and sleeping hower, | 8 |
| A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals, | |
| That worke for bread, vpon <i>Athenian</i> stalles, | 10 |
| Were met together, to rehearfe a play | |
| Intended for great <i>Theseus</i> nuptiall day. | 12 |
| The shallowest thickskinne of that baraine fort, | |
| (Who <i>Pyramus</i> presented in their sport.) | 14 |
| Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake. | |
| VVhen I did him at this aduantage take, | 16 |
| An Asses nbole I fixēd on his head. | |
| Anon his <i>Thibbie</i> must be answerēd ; | 18 |
| And forth my Minnick comes ! When they him spy,— | |
| As wilde geese, that the creeping Foulē eye, | 20 |
| Or ruffet-pated choughes, many in fort | |
| (Ryfing, and cawing, at the gunnes report) | 22 |
| Seuer themselues, and madly sweenepe the sky, | |
| So, at his fight,—away his fellowes fly ! | 24 |
| And, at our stampe, here, ore and ore, one falles ; | |
| He ' murther ' cryes, and ' helpe ' from <i>Athens</i> cals. | 26 |
| Their sence thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong, | |
| Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong ; | 28 |
| For, briers and thornes, at their apparell snatch : | |
| Some, fleeues ; some, hats ; from yeelders all things catch. | 30 |
| I led them on in this diftracted feare, | |
| And left sweete <i>Pyramus</i> translated there : | 32 |
| When in that moment (so it came to passe,) | |
| <i>Tytania</i> wak't, and straight-way lou'd an Assē ! | 34 |
| <i>Ob.</i> This falles out better then I could deuise ! | |
| But haſt thou yet latcht the <i>Athenians</i> eyes, | 36 |
| With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe ? | |
| <i>Rob.</i> I tooke him ſleeping, (that is finiſht too !*) | 38 |
| And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his ſide ; | |
| That, when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd. | 40 |

19. *Minnick*] Q1. Minnock Q2. Mimmick F. *38. *soe*] to Qq, F.
III. ii. 4-40.] 30

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

| | |
|--|----|
| <i>Ob.</i> Stand close ! this is the same Athenian. | |
| <i>Rob.</i> This is the woman ; but not this the man ! | 42 |
| <i>Demet.</i> O, Why rebuke you him that loues you so ? | |
| Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe ! | 44 |
| <i>Her.</i> Now I but chide : but I should vse thee worse, For thou (I feare,) hast giuen me cause to curse ! | 46 |
| If thou hast flaine <i>Lysander</i> in his sleepe, Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee too !* | 48 |
| The Sunne was not so true vnto the day, As hee to mee ! Would hee haue stollen away From [†] sleeping <i>Hermia</i> ? Ile beleue as soone, This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone | 51 |
| May through the Center creepe, and so displease Her brothers noonetide with th <i>Antipodes</i> . | 53 |
| It cannot be but thou hast murdred him ! | 55 |
| So, should a murtherer looke ! so dead, so grimme ! | 57 |
| <i>Dem.</i> 'So should' the murthered 'looke,' and 'so should' I, Pearst through the heart with your sterne cruelty ! | 59 |
| Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere, As yonder <i>Venus</i> , in her glimmering spheare. [points to V. | |
| <i>Her.</i> What's this to my <i>Lysander</i> ? Where is hee ? | |
| Ah, good <i>Demetrius</i> ! wilt thou giue him mee ? | 63 |
| <i>Deme.</i> I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds ! | |
| <i>Her.</i> Out, dog ! out, curre ! thou driu'ft me past the bounds Of maidens patience ! Haft thou flaine him, then ? | |
| Henceforth be neuer numbred among men ! | 67 |
| O, once tell true ! tell true, euen for my sake ! | |
| Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake, | 69 |
| And haft thou kild him sleeping ? O braue tutch ! | |
| Could not a worme, an Adder, do so much ? | 71 |
| An Adder did it ! For with doubler tongue | |
| Then thyne, (thou serpent !) neuer Adder stung ! | 73 |
| <i>Deme.</i> You spende your passion on a miypris'd mood : | |
| I am not guilty of <i>Lysanders</i> blode ; | 75 |
| Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell. | |
| <i>Her.</i> I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well. | 77 |

*49. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

†52. *From*] Q2, F. Frow Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| <i>De.</i> And if I could, what should I get therefore ? | |
| <i>Her.</i> A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more : | 79 |
| And from thy hated presence part I ! | |
| See me no more, whether he be dead or no ! | [<i>Exit.</i> |
| <i>Deme.</i> There is no following her in this fierce vaine : | |
| Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine. | 83 |
| So sorrowes heauiness doth heauier growe, | |
| For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth sorrow owe : | 85 |
| Which now (in some slight measure) it will pay ; | |
| If (for his tender) here I make some stay. | 87 |
| [<i>Lyes doun & sleepes.</i>] | |
| <i>Ob.</i> [<i>to Rob.</i>] What hast thou done ? Thou hast mistaken quite, | |
| And laid the loue-juice on some true loues fight ! | 89 |
| Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue | |
| Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true ! | 91 |
| <i>Rob.</i> Then fate orerules, that, one man holding troth, A million faile, confounding oath on oath ! | 93 |
| <i>Ob.</i> About the wood, goe swifter then the wind ! | |
| And <i>Helena</i> of <i>Athens</i> , looke thou finde ! | 95 |
| All fancy-sickle she is, and pale of cheere, | |
| With fighes of loue, that cofts the fresh blood deare. | 97 |
| By some illusion, see thou bring her here ! | |
| Ile charme his eyes, against the doe appeare. | 99 |
| <i>Robin.</i> I goe, I goe ! looke how I goe ! | |
| Swifter then arrow, from the <i>Tartars</i> bowe ! | [<i>Exit.</i> 101 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Flower of this purple dy, | 102 |
| Hit with <i>Cupids</i> archery, | |
| Sinke in apple of his eye ! [<i>Drops luce Into DEMETRIUS eyes.</i> | |
| When his loue he doth espy, | 105 |
| Let her shine as gloriously | |
| As the <i>Venus</i> of the sky ! | 107 |
| When thou wak'st, if she be by, | |
| Begge of her, for remedy ! | 109 |

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 80. <i>I</i>] Q. F. I so, Pope. | 87. <i>Lyes doun & sleepes</i>] Collier. |
| 85. <i>sleepes</i>] Rowe. slippe Q. | Ly doun Q. |
| slip Q2, F. | |

III. ii. 78-110.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Helena</i> is heere at hande ; | 111 |
| And the youth, mistooke by mee, | |
| Pleading for a louers fee. | |
| Shall wee their fond pageant see ? | |
| Lord ! what fooles theſe mortals bee ! | 115 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Stand aſide ! The noyſe they make, | |
| Will cauſe <i>Demetrius</i> to awake. | 117 |
| <i>Pu.</i> Then will two, at once wooo one ! | |
| That muſt needes be ſport alone ; | 119 |
| And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe mee, | |
| That befall prepoſt'rouſly. | 121 |

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Lyf.</i> Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould wooo in ſcorne ? | |
| Scorne and deriſion, neuer come in teares. | |
| <i>Looke,</i> when I vow, I weepe ; and vowed ſo borne, | |
| In their natiuuie all truth appears. | 125 |
| How can theſe things in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you, | |
| Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true ? | 127 |
| <i>Hel.</i> You doe aduaunce your cunning, more and more. | 128 |
| When trueth killēs truth, ô diueliſh-holy fray ! | |
| These vowedes are <i>Hermias</i> . Will you giue her ore ? | |
| Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh. | 131 |
| Your vowedes to her and mee, (put in two ſcales,) | |
| Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales. | 133 |
| <i>Lyf.</i> I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore. | |
| <i>Hel.</i> Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore. | 135 |
| <i>Lyf.</i> <i>Demetrius</i> loues her ; and he loues not you. | |
| <i>Deme.</i> [Waking] O <i>Helen</i> ! goddeſſe, nymph, perfect, diuine ! | |
| To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne ? | 138 |
| Christall is muddy ! O, how ripe in ſhowe, | |
| Thy lippes, thoſe kissing cherries, tempting growe ! | 140 |
| That pure coniealed white, high <i>Taurus</i> ſnow, | |
| Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe, | 142 |
| When thou holdſt vp thy hand ! O ! let me kiffe | |
| [trles to kiffe her hand.] | |
| This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe ! | 144 |
| <i>Hel.</i> O ſpight ! O hell ! I ſee, you all are bent | |
| To ſet againſt mee, for your merriment ! | 146 |
| If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie, | |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|-----|
| You would not doe mee thus much iniury. | 148 |
| Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe, | |
| But you must ioyne in soules, to mocke mee too? | 150 |
| If you were men, as men you are in shewe, | |
| You would not vse a gentle Lady so; | 152 |
| To vowe, and fweare, and superpraise my parts, | |
| When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts. | 154 |
| You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ; | |
| And now both Riualles, to mock <i>Helena</i> . | 156 |
| A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, | |
| To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes, | 158 |
| With your derision! None of noble sort | |
| Would so offend a virgine, and extort | |
| A poore soules patience, all to make you sport! | 161 |
| <i>Lysand.</i> You are vnkinde, <i>Demetrius</i> ! be not so! | |
| For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this, you know, I know; | 163 |
| And heare, ¹ with all good will, with all my heart, | |
| In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yelde you vp my part: | 165 |
| And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to mee bequeath, | |
| Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death! | |
| <i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath! | 168 |
| <i>Deme.</i> <i>Lysander</i> , keepe thy <i>Hermia</i> ! I will none! | |
| If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone! | 170 |
| My heart to her, but as guestwise sojournd; | |
| And now to <i>Helen</i> , is it home returnd, | 172 |
| There to remaine. | |
| <i>Lys.</i> <i>Helen</i> , it is not so! | |
| <i>Deme.</i> Disparage not the faith thou doft not know, | 174 |
| Leaft, to thy perill, thou aby it deare! [points to HERM. | |
| Looke where thy loue comes! yonder is thy deare! | 176 |

Re-enter HERMIA.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Her.</i> Darke night, that from the eye his function takes, | |
| The eare more quicke of apprehencion makes; | 178 |
| Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense, | |
| It payes the hearing, double recompence. | 180 |
| ¶ Thou art not, by myne eye, <i>Lysander</i> , found: | |
| Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found! | 182 |

¹ *heare* = here.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- But why, vnkindly, didſt thou leaue mee ſo ?
Lys. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go ?
Her. What 'loue' could 'preſſe' *Lysander* from my fide ?
Lys. *Lysanders* 'loue,' (that would not let him bide,) 186
Faire *Helena* ! who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [points to stars.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me ? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee ſo ? 190
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke: It cannot bee ! 191
Hel. Lo ! ſhe is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of mee. 194
¶ Iniurious *Hermia* ! moft vngratefull maide !
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe conſtriu'd,
To baite mee with this foule deriſiōn ?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd, 198
(The ſifters vowes, the howers that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſtie-fooled time
For parting vs;) O, is all forgot ?
All ſchooldaies friendſhippe, childhood innocence ? 202
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artiſciall gods,
Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key, 206
As if our hands, our ſides, voyces and mindes,
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an vniōn in partition : 210
Two louely berries moulded on one ſtemme :
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownēd with one creaſt. 214
And will you rent our auncient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend ?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly !
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 218
Though I alone doe fele the iniury !
Her. I am amazēd at your words !

213. *like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- I scorne you not ! It seemes that you scorne mee !
Hel. Haue you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorne,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face ? 222
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*,
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote,) 226
To call mee 'goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Pretious, celestiall ?' VVherefore speakes he this
To her he hates ? And wherfore doth *Lyfander*
Deny your loue, (so rich within his soule,) 230
And tender mee (forsooth !) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
VVhat though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate,
(But miserable most, to loue vnlov'd) ? 234
This you should pittie, rather then despise !
Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this !
Hel. I ! doe ! Perséuer ! counterfaict sad lookes !
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back !
Winke each at other ! holde the sweete iesaft vp ! 238
This sport, well carried, shall bee chronicled !
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument. 242
But fare ye well ! tis partly my owne fault ;
Which death, or absence foone shall remedy ! [Walks away.
Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena* ! heare my excuse,
My loue ! my life ! my soule ! faire *Helena* ! 246
Hel. O excellent !
Herm. Sweete ! doe not scorne her so !
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst 'compell' no more, then she 'intreat.'
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praiers.
¶ *Helen* ! I loue thee ! by my life I doe !
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee,
To prooue him false, that faies I loue thee not ! 253
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do !
Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it too !* 255
Dem. Quick, come !

250. *praiers*] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.

*255. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Her.

Lysander, whereto tends all this?
[She throws her arms round him.

Lyf. Away! you Ethiop! [He struggles with her.
Dem. [To HERMIA] No, no! heele 257

[To LYS.] Seeme to breake loofe! take on as you would follow,
But yet come not! You are a tame man! go! 259

Lyf. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur! Vile thing, let loofe!
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent!

Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?

Lyf. Thy 'loue'! Out, tawny Tartar, out! 263
Out, loathēd medicne! ô hated potion, hence!

Her. Doe you not ieast?

Hel. Yes, footh: and so doe you!

Lyf. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceiue, 267
A weake 'bond' holds you. [Points to HERM.] Ile not truft
your word!

Lyf. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so! [Throws HERM. off.

Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
'Hate' mee! wherefore? O me! what newes, my loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'sincé night,' you left mee;
Why then, 'you left mee' (ô, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life!
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore* be out of hope, of questiun, of doubt;
Be certaine! nothing truer! tis no ieast, 280
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*!

Her. O mee! ¶[To HEL.] Youiuggler! you canker blosome!
You theefe of loue! what? haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine, I faith! 284

257. *Dem.* would have said to *Hermia*, 'No, no: heele not fight!' ding (who is followd abov). F reads 'No, no, Sir, seeme,' &c.
He loves his own skin too well!' 260. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.
or something of the kind.—Sped- 279. *Therefore*] Q2, F. Thefore Q.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Hauē you no modeſty, no maiden shame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What? will you teare
Impatient anſweres from my gentle tongue?

Fy, fy! you counterfait, you puppet, you!

288

Her. 'Puppet'? Why, ſo! I, that way goes the game!

Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare

Beſtweene our ſtatureſ; ſhe hath vrg'd her height;

And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,

292

Her 'height,' (forſooth!) ſhe hath preuailed with him.

¶ And are you growne ſo 'high' in his eſteeme,

Because I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo lowe?

How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake!

296

How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet ſo 'lowe,'

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes! [makes at *HEL*]

Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,*

Let her not hurt me! [Gets behind them.] I was neuer curſt;

I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:

Let her not ſtrike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,

Because ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,

304

That I can match her! . . .

Her. 'Lower'! harke, againe!

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me!

I euermore did loue you, *Hermia*,

Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wrongd you;

308

Sauē that, in loue vnto *Demetrius*,

I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.

He followed you; for loue, I followed him.

But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee

312

To ſtrike mee, ſpurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:

And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,

To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me goe! [Turns to go. 316

You ſee how ſimple, and how fond, I am! [Comes back.

Herm. Why! get you gon! Who iſt that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*!

320

*299. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. *gentleman* Q.

†313. *too*] F. *to* Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lys. Be not afraid ! she shall not harme thee, *Helena* !

Deme. No, sir ; she shall not ! though you take her part !

Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd !

She was a vixen, when she went to schoole : 324

And though she be but little, she is fierce !

Her. 'Little' againe ! Nothing but 'low' and 'little' !

¶ Why will you suffer her to floute me thus ?

Let me come to her ! [tried to come]

Lys. [pushing her off] Get you gon, you dwarfe ! 328

You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made !

You bead ! you acorne !

Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.

Let her alone ! speake not of *Helena* ! 332

Take not her part ! For, if thou dost intend

Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,

Thou shalt aby it !

Lys. Now she holdes me not !
Now follow, (if thou dar'ft,) to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena* ! 336

Deme. 'Follow' ? Nay ! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
[Exeunt LYSANDER & DEMETRIUS.*

Her. You, mistresse ! all this coyle is long of you ! 339
[HEL. draws back] Nay ! goe not backe !

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company ! 341
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legges are longer, though, to runne away ! [Runs off.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say ! [Exe. 344

Advance, OBERON and PUCKE.†

Ob. This is thy negligence ! still thou mistak'ft,
Or else committst thy knaueries wilfully !

Puck. Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke !

Did not you tell mee, I shoud 'know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on' ?¹ 349
And, so farre blameleffe prooues my enterprise,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes : 351

*338. Exeunt . . .] Exit . . . F. | †344-5. Advance . . .] Enter . . . F.

344. Exeit.] Exeunt. Qq. | ¹ II. i. 263-4, p. 18. [III. ii. 321-351.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|-----|
| And so farre am I glad it so did sort, As this their iangling, I esteeme a sport ! | 353 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight : Hy therefore, <i>Robin!</i> ouercast the night ! | 355 |
| The starry welkin, couer thou anon, With drooping fogge as blacke as <i>Acheron</i> , | 357 |
| And lead these teasty Riuals so astray, As one come not within anothers way. | 359 |
| Like to <i>Lyander</i> , sometime frame thy tongue ; Then stirre <i>Demetrius</i> vp with bitter wrong ; | 361 |
| And sometime raile thou like <i>Demetrius</i> ; And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ; | 363 |
| Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting sleepe, With leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe : | 365 |
| Then crush this hearbe into <i>Lyanders</i> eye ; [gives the hearbe. Whose liquor hath this vertuous property, | 367 |
| To take from thence all error, with his might, And make his eyebals roule with wonted fight. | 369 |
| When they next wake, all this derisön Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse visiön ; | 371 |
| And backe to <i>Athens</i> shall the louers wend, With league, whose date, till death shall never end. | 373 |
| Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee employ, Ile to my Queene, and beg her <i>Indian</i> boy : | 375 |
| And then I will her charmed eye release From monsters viewe ; and all things shall be peace ! | 377 |
| <i>Puck.</i> My Faiery Lord, this must be done with haste, For Nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast, | 379 |
| And yonder thines <i>Auroras</i> harbinger ; [points to the East. At whose approach, Ghofts, wandring here and there, | 381 |
| Troope home to Churchyards : damned spirites all, (That in crofse-waies and floods haue buriall.) | 383 |
| Already to their wormy beds are gone, For feare least day should looke their shames vpon : | 385 |
| They wilfully themselues exile from light, And must for aye confort with black-browed night ! | 387 |
| <i>Ober.</i> But we are spirites of another sort ! I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made sport, | 389 |
| And, like a forrester, the groues may tread, Euen till the Easterne gate, all fiery red. | 391 |

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Opening on *Neptune* with faire bleffèd beames,
Turnes into yellow golde, his salt greene streames. 393
But notwithstanding,* haste ! make no delay !
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day. [Exit. 395
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down,
I will lead them vp & down !
I am feard in field & town !
Goblin, lead them vp & downe !
Here comes one ! 399

Re-enter LYSANDER. (ROBIN shifts places.¹)

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now !
Rob. Here, villaine ! drawne & ready ! Where art thou ?
Lys. I will be with thee straight !
Rob. Follow me then
To plainer ground ! [Exit Lys.

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Deme. *Lysander* ! speake againe ! 404
Thou runaway, thou coward ! art thou fied ?
Speake ! in some bush ? Where doest thou hide thy head ?
Rob. Thou coward ! art thou bragging to the starres,
Telling the bushes that thou look'it for warres, 408
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ! come, thou childe !
Ile whippe thee with a rodde ! He is defil'd, 410
That drawes a sword on thee !

De. Yea, art thou there ?

Ro. Follow my voice ! weeble try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on :
When I come where he calles, then he is gon ! 414
The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I !
I followed fast ; but faster he did fly ; 416
That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will rest me. [*Lyes† down.*] ¶ Come, thou gentle day !
For if but once thou shewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight ! [Sleeps. 420

*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. | ¹ See lines 1, 4, next page.
notwithstanding Q. | †418. *Lyes down.*] lye down. F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Re-enter ROBIN (shifting places),¹ and DEMETRIUS.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comst thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st! For well I wot 422
Thou runst before mee, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face. 424
Where art thou now?

Rob. Come hither! I am here!

De. Nay then, thou mockst me! Thou shalt* buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light see!
Now, goe thy way! (Faintnesse constraineth mee 428
To measure out my length on this cold bed :)
By daies approach, looke to be visited! [Lies down & sleeps.

Re-enter HELENA.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431
Abate thy houres! shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest! 434
And sleepe, that sometimes shutt vp forrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie! 436

[Lies down & sleeps.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more!
Two of both kindes makes vp fower. 438
Hearre shee comes, curst and sadde!
Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde! 441

Re-enter HERMIA.†

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe, 442
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe!
My legges can keepe no pase with my desires! 445
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray! 447
[Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter . . .] Robin, and Demetrius. Qq. Enter Robin and Demetrius. F. 1 F has 'shifting places' opp. III. ii. 421-447.] 'fly,' l. 416. *426. *shalt*] Q2, F. *shat* Q. †441. *Re-enter . . .]* Enter Hermia. Q2, F (after line 440).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <i>Rob.</i> On the ground, | |
| Sleepe found ! | 449 |
| Ile apply | |
| To your eye, | [Squeezes juice on Lys.'s eyelids. |
| Gentle louer, remedy ! | 452 |
| When thou wak'ft, | |
| Thou tak'ft | 454 |
| True delight, | |
| In the fight | 456 |
| Of thy former ladies eye : | |
| And the country prouerbe knowne, | |
| That 'euery man shoule take his owne,' | |
| In your waking shall be showen : | 460 |
| 'Iacke shall haue ill : | |
| Nought shall goe ill : | |
| 'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well !' | 463 |
| [They sleepe all the next Act, to I. 143.* | |

Actus Quartus.† Scena Prima.

The Wood, where LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, & HERMIA ile asleep. April 30; May 1.

Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne (BOTTOM), and Faieries (PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MUSTARDSEEDE, & the rest) : and the King (OBERON) behinde them, vnseene.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, I
[She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke musk-roses in thy fleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy ! [kisses em.

Clown. Where's Pease-blossome ?

Pea. Ready !

Clow. Scratch my heade, Pease-blossome ! ¶ Wher's Mounfieur Cobweb ? 8

Cob. Ready !

Clo. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee

451. *To your]* Rowe. your Q2, | *463. *They sleepe all the Act. F.*
F. | † *Actus Quartus.] F.*

43 [III. ii. 448-463; IV. i. 1-11.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounfieur, bring mee
the hony bagge! Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounfieur! and, good Mounsieur, haue a care the
hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you ouer-
flowen with a honibag, *signior*. ¶ Where's Mounfieur * *Mustardseede*?

17

Must. Readie!

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur † *Mustardseede!* [Shakes
his hand.] Pray you, leaue your curtifie, good Mounfieur!

Must. What's your will?

21

Clo. Nothing, good Mounfieur, but to helpe Caualery
Cobwebbe to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounfieur; for
me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face; And I am
such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must
scratch!

26

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare in 'musique.' Lets haue
the tonges and the bones!

[*Musick of Tonges & Bones, Rurall Musick.*]

Tyta. Or say, sweete loue, what thou desir'st‡ to eate.

30

Clo. Truely, a pecke of prouander! I could mounch your
good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle
of hay! Good hay, sweete hay, hath no fellow!

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke
The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts.

34

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried pease!
But, I pray you, let none of your people stirre me: I haue
an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.

38

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes!
¶ Faieries, be gon, and be alwaies away! [Exeunt Fairies.
¶ So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,

[*Winds him in her armes.*]

Gently entwist: the female Iuy, so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

42

*16. *Mustardseed*] Mastardseede III. i. 2, p. 240.

Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F. †30. *desir'st*] desir'st Q1, 2, F.

+19. *Mounfieur*] Q2, F. Moun- But the line is Tytanis's, and verse.

uer Q. 35. *thee thence*] Hanmer. *thee*

24. *maruailes*] Q. *maruailous* Q1, 2, F.

Q2. *maruellous* F. See note on

[IV. i. 12-43.] 44

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleepe.]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin! Seest thou this sweete fight?
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; [Points to TIT. & BOTTOM.] 46

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete faours for this hatfull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that fame deawe, which sometime on the buddes
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, 54
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patiēnce,
I then did aske of her her changeling childe: 58
Which straignt the gauē mee, and her Fairy sent,
To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatfull imperfection of her eyes. 62
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalpe [points to BOT.]
From off* the heade of this Athenian fwaine;
That, hee awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens backe againe repaire, 66
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearece vexation of a Dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene. 69

[Squeezes Iulies on her Eyes.]

¶ Be, as thou wast wont to bee!

See, as thou wast wont to see!

Dians budde, ore Cupids flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power.

71

73

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweete Queene! [She wakes.]

Tita. My Oberon! what visions haue I feene!

Me thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lyes your loue!

[points to BOTTOM.]

*64. off] Q2, F. of Q.

72. ore = over] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|---|
| <i>Tita.</i> | How came these things to passe? |
| O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now! | 78 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Silence a while! ¶ <i>Robin</i> , take off this head! | |
| ¶ <i>Titania</i> , musick call! and strike more dead | |
| Then common sleepe, of all thesee fwe, the senfe! | 81 |
| <i>Ti.</i> Musick, howe! musick! such as charmeth sleepe. | |
| | [<i>Musick, still.</i>]* |
| <i>Rob.</i> Now, when thou wak'ft, with thine own fools eyes peeppe! | [<i>takes the Asses head off Bottom.</i>] 83 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Sound, Musick! Come, my queen! take hands with me, | [<i>They take hands & dance.</i>] |
| And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be! | 85 |
| Now, thou and I are new in amitie, | |
| And will to morrow midnight, solemnly | 87 |
| Daunce, in Duke <i>Theseus</i> house triumphantly, | |
| And blesse it to all faire prosperitie. | 89 |
| There shall the paires of faithfull louers be | |
| Wedded, with <i>Theseus</i> , all in lollitie. | 91 |
| <i>Rob.</i> Fairy King, attend, and marke! | |
| I do heare the morning Larke. | 93 |
| <i>Ob.</i> Then, my Queene, in silence sad, Trippe we after nights shade: | |
| We, the Globe, can compasse soone, | 95 |
| Swifter then the wandring Moone. | 97 |
| <i>Tita.</i> Come, my Lord! and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night, | |
| That I sleeping here was found, | 99 |
| With these mortals on the ground! | 101 |
| | [<i>Exeunt. Sleepers Lye still.</i> † [<i>VVinde horne.</i>]] |

*Enter THESEUS and all his traine, with HIPPOLITA & EGEUS.
May 1, Daybreak.*

*The. Goe, one of you! finde out the forrester!
For now our obseruation is performde:*

81. *fwe*] Theobald (Thirlby
conj.) fine Q1, 2, F. | 84-91: eight rimes in e. See p.
82. *hewe*] ho Q2, F. | 28.

*82. *Musick, still*] F. — soft music. | 95. *after*] Q1. after the Q2, F.
[IV. i. 77-103.] | †101. *Sleepers...*] F, Exeunt. Qq.
46

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds ! 105
Vncouple ! in the westerne vallie let them goe !
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester !

[*Exit one of the Traines.*

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the musicall confusio109
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta* : neuer did I heare 113
Such gallant chiding ! For, besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, every region neare
Seemd all one mutuall cry : I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder ! 117

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the ' *Spartane* ' kinde,
So flew'd, fo fanded ; and their heads are hung
VVith eares that sweepe away the morning deawe ;
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapl, like *Theſſalian* Buls ; 121
Slowē in purſuit, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A ' cry ' more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In ' *Creete*, in ' *Sparta* ' nor in *Theſſaly* ! 125
Iudge when you heare ! [Sees the Sleepers.] But soft ! What
nymphes are theſe ?

Egeus. My Lord ! this is* my daughter heere aſleepe ! points to each in turn.
And this, *Lysander* ! this, *Demetrius* is !

This, *Helena* ! old Nedars *Helena* ! 129
I wonder of their being heere together !

The. No doubt they rose vp earely, to obſerue
The right¹ of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnitie 133
¶ But ſpeake, *Egeus* ! is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce ?

Egeus. It is, my Lord !
These. Goe bid the huntſmen wake them with their horneſ !

116. *Seema*] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F. *127. *this is*] Q2, F. this Q.

¹ right — rite.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

*Windle hornes. Shoute within: the sleepers, all but Bottom,
wake & start vp.*

The. Good morrow, friends! Saint *Valentine* is past! 138
¶ Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.
I know you two are Riuall enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the worlde, 142
That hatred is so farre from ialousie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?

Lys. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly, 145
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly fay how I came here; 147
But as I thinke, (for truly would I speake,)—

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent 150

Was, to be gon from *Athens*; where we might,
Without the peril of the *Athenian* lawe,

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head! 154

They would haue stolne away! ¶ They would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife! 158

Deme. My Lord! faire *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I, in fury, hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee. 162

But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my loue to *Hermia*

(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude, 166

Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*! To her, my Lord, 170

Was I betrothed, ere I saw *Hermia*:

Windle . . .] Shoute within: they all start vp. *Windle hornes. Q.*

171. *saw*] *Steevens.* see Q1, 2, F.

IV. 1. 138-171.] 48

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, like in ficknesse, did I loath this foode ;
 But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it,
 And will for euermore be true to it !

174

The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met !
 Of this discouer, we more will here anon.

¶ *Egeus,* I will ouerbeare your will ;
 For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.

178

And, (for the morning now is somthing worne,) Our purpof'd hunting shall be set aside.

182

¶ Away, with vs, to *Athens* ! Three and three,
 Weele holde a feast in great solemnitie.

184

¶ Come, *Hyppolita* !

[*Exeunt THESEUS & all his traile, with HYPPOLITA & EGEUS.*

Deme. These things seeme small and vndistinguishable, 186
 Like farre off mountaines turnēd into clouds !

Her. Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When euery thing seemes double !

Hel. So mee thinkes :
 And I haue found* *Demetrius*, like a iewell, 190
 Mine owne, and not mine owne !

Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake ? It seemes to me,
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame ! Do not you thinke
 The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him ? 194

Her. Yea, and my father ! . . .

Hel. And *Hyppolita* ! . . .
Lys. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple !

Dem. Why, then, we are awake ! lets follow him,
 And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames ! 198

[*Exeunt Louers.*‡

[*BOTTOME wakes.*] *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee,
 and I will answere. My next is, 'most faire Pyramus.'

172. *in*] Steevens (Farmer conj.).
 a Q1, 2, F.

*190. *found*] Q2, F. *found* Q.

†198. *let vs*] Q2, F. *lets* Q.

‡198. *Exeunt . . .*] *Exit Louers.* F.

§199. *Bottome wakes.*] F.

200. *most faire Pyramus*] No

such cue is in the Enterlude : see

V. i. 187. 'Most radiant P.' III. i.

80.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Hey ho! [yawns] Peeter Quince! *Flute*, the bellowes-mender!*
Snout the tinker! *Starueling*! Gods my life! Stolne [202
hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vision!
I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what
dreame it was! Man is but an Asse, if hee goe about to†
expound this dreame. Me thought I was . . . there is no man
can tell what! Me thought I was . . . and me thought I [207
had . . . But man is but a patcht‡ foole, if hee will offer to
say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not
heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able
to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his hearte to report, [211
what my dreame was! I will get *Peter Quince* to write a
Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*,
because it hath no 'bottome': and I will sing it in the latter
end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it
the more gratioues, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit. 216

Actus Quartus. § Scena Secunda.

Athens. QUINCES House. May 1.

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE (cald THISBY), SNOUT and
STARUELING.||*

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home
yet?

*Staru.*** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is
transported!

Thys. If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes
not forward: Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible! You haue not a man, in all
Athens, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he!

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft
man in *Athens*.

*201. *mender*] Q2, F. menders Q.
†205-6. *to expound*] Q2, F. ex-
pound Q.

‡208. *a patcht*] a patch'd F.
patcht a Q1, 2.
215. *a Play] our Play* S. Walker
conj.: probably right.

IV. i. 201-216; ii. 1-10.]

216. *her*] — Thisby's. Collier.
216. *Exit.*] Q2, F.

§ *Actus Quartus*] F. Qq. om.
|| *Flute, &c.*] Flute, Thisbie, Snout,
and Starueling. F. Flute, Thisby,
and the rabble. Q1, 2.
**3. *Staru.*] F. Flut. Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice! ¹²

Thif. You must say, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God bleſſe vs!) a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple; and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! ¹⁷

Thyf. O sweete bully *Bottome*! Thus hath hee loft fix pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped fixe pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fix pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hang'd! He would haue deserued it! Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing! ²²

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

[they gather round him.

Quin. *Bottom!* O moft courageous day! O moft happy houre!

Bott. Masters! I am to discourse wonders: but aske me not what! For if I tell you, I am no* true Athenian! . . . I will tell you euery thing, right as it fell out! ²⁷

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom*!

Bot. Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together; good strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meeet presently at the palace; euery man looke ore his part! For, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd! In any caſe let *Thifyb* [33 haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes; for they ſhall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And, moft deare A&tors, eate no Onions, nor garlick! for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, 'it is a sweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go! away! [Exeunt. [†] 39]

11. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

*26. *no*] F. not Q1, 2.

[†]39. *Exeunt.*] F.

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

Athens. The palace of THESEUS. May 1.

*Enter (from the Temple) THESEUS, his Dutchesse
HYPPOLITA, and all his traile, with PHILOSTRATE.*

Hip. Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of!
The. More 'straunge' then true! I neuer may beleuee

These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, 4
Such shapling phantasies, that apprehend
More then coole reason euer comprehends.

The lunatick, the louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact: 8

One, fees more diuels then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt*.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12
Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And, as Imagination bodies forth

The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne
Turnes them to shapes, and giues to ayery nothing, 16
A locall habitation, and a name.

Such trickes hath strong imagiuatiön,
That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

Dutch. Hyp. But all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24
More witnesseth than Fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But, howsoeuer, strange and admirable!

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth! 28

*Enter, the married Louers; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HERMIA and HELENA.*

Ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of loue,

* *Actus Quintus*] F. 28. *Enter . . .*] Qq, F (after l. 27).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More then to vs,
Waite in your royll walkes, your boorde, your bedde ! 31

The. Come now ! what maskes, what daunces, shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours,
Betweene our* after-supper, & bed-time ?
Where is our vfull manager of mirth ?
What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower ? 36

¶ Call *Philofstrate* !

Philofstrate. Here, mighty *Theseus* ! 38

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?
What maske ? what musicke ? How shall we beguile 40
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?

Philof. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[*Gives THESEUS a list of Sports.*

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see firt !

The. [reads] 'The battell with the Centaures, to be sung 44
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe ?'

(Weele none of that ! That, haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinfman *Hercules*.)

'The ryot of the tipke Bachanals, 48
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage ?'
(That is an olde devise ; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.)

'The thrise three Muses, mourning for the death 52
Of learning, late deceast in beggery ?'
(That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

'A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus
And his loue Thifby : very tragicall mirth ?' 56

¶ Merry, and ' tragicall ' ? ' Tedious,' and ' briefe ' 60
That is, hot Ife, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philof. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :
(Which is as ' briefe ' as I haue knowne a play :)
But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,

*34. *our*] F. Or Q1, 2.

†59. *wondrous*] Q2, F. *wodrous* Q (? read *stain'd* for *strange*).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- Which makes it 'tedious'; For, in all the Play, 64
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is;
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himselfe.
Which, when I saw rehearst, I must confesse, 68
Made mine eyes water; but more merry teares,
The passion of loud laughter neuer shed.
- These.* What are they, that doe play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that worke in *Athens* here, 72
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till nowe,
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.
- The.* And wee will heare it!
Phi. No, my noble Lord! 76
It is not for you! I haue heard it ouer,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine, 80
To do you seruice.
- The.* I will heare that play!
For neuer any thing can be amisse,
When simplenesse and duety tender it.
Goe bring them in! ¶ and take your places, Ladies! 84
[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]
- Hip.* I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duety, in his seruice, perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He fayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde. 88
The. The 'kinder' we, to give them thanks for 'nothing'.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit. 92
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposēd
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes:
Where I haue seene them shiuier and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences, 96
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome: Truſt me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome: 100
¶. i. 64-100.]

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,
In leaft, speake moft, to my capacity.

104

Re-enter PHILOSTRADE.

Philof. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest !
Duk. Let him approach ! [Florish of Trumpets.

Enter the Prologue, Manager QUINCE, the Carpenter.*

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will. 108
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our fimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end. 111
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

Wee are not here. That you should here repent you, 115
The Actors are at hand, and, by their showe,
You shall know all, that you are like to knowe. 117

The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points !

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte : hee
knowes not the stoppe. A good morall, my Lord ! It is not
enough to speake ; but to speake true ! 121

Hyp. Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child
on a Recorder ; a sound, but not in gouernement.

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine ; nothing im-
paired, but all disordered. Who is next ? 125

†TAWYER with a Trumpet before them :

*Enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM the Weaver), and THISBY (FLUTE
the Bellowes-Mender), and Wall (SNOUT the Tinker),
and Moone-shine (STARUELING the Tailor), and Lyon
(SNUG the Ioiner).*

Prologue. Gentles ! perchance you wonder at this shew ; 126
But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

107. *Florish of Trumpets*] Flor. Trum. F1. 125-6. *Tawyer . . .*] F. T. was,

*108. *Quince*] F. 122. *this*] Q1, 2. his F. no doubt, a Player of the Globe
Company.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe;

[*Points to each In turn.*

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>This beautious Lady, Thisby* is certaine.</i> | 129 |
| <i>This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present</i> | 130 |
| <i>Wall, that vile wall which did these louers funder;</i> | |
| <i>And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content</i> | |
| <i>To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)</i> | 133 |
| <i>This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,</i> | 134 |
| <i>Presenteth Moone-shine; For, if you will know,</i> | |
| <i>By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne</i> | |
| <i>To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooo.</i> | 137 |
| <i>This grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name,)</i> | |
| <i>The trusty Thysby, (comming first by night,)</i> | |
| <i>Did scarre away, or rather, did affright;</i> | |
| <i>And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;</i> | 141 |
| <i>Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did slaine.</i> | |
| <i>Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall,)</i> | |
| <i>And findes his trusty Thysbyes mantle slaine:</i> | 144 |
| <i>Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,</i> | 145 |
| <i>He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast;</i> | |
| <i>And Thysby, taryng in Mulberrry shade,</i> | |
| <i>His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,</i> | 148 |
| <i>Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,</i> | |
| <i>At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.</i> | 150 |

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

*Demet. No 'wonder', my Lord! One 'Lyon' may, when
many Asses doe.*

[*Exeunt Lyon, PYRAMUS, THYSBY, and Moonehshine.*

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,</i> | |
| <i>That I, one Snowt† (by name) present a wall:</i> | 155 |
| <i>And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,</i> | |
| <i>That had in it a cranied hole or chinke,</i> | 157 |
| <i>Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,</i> | |
| <i>Did whisper often, very secretly.</i> | 159 |
| <i>This lome, this roughcast, and this stome, doth shewe</i> | |
| <i>That I am that same wall: the truth is so.</i> | 161 |
| <i>And this the cranie is, right and sinner,</i> | |

[*Holds up his fingers thus <*

*129. *Thisby*] Q2, F. *Thisby* Q. 153. *Exeunt...*] *Exit...* Qq, F.

†155. *Snowt*] F. *Flute* Q1, 2.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper. 163

The. Would you desire lime and haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord!

*Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.**

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence! 167

Py. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!

O night, which euer art, when day is not!

O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!

I feare my Thisbyses promise is forgot!

¶ And thou, þ wall, þ sweete, þ louely wall, 172

That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!

Thou wall, þ wall, O sweete and louely wall!

Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne! 175

[SNOUT holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <

Thankes, curteous wall! Ioue shold thee well, for this! 176

But what see I? No Thisby doe I see!

O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!

Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiving mee!

The. The wall, mee thinkes, being fensible, should 'curse' 179

againe!

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he shold not! 'Deceiving mee' is Thisbyses cue: the is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you: yonder she comes! 185

Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.

This. O wall! full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;

Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit vp in thee.†

Pyra. I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my Thisbyses face.

Thisby!

This. My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!

Py. 'Thinke' what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace; 193
And, like Limander, am I trusty still!

This. And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill!

195

*166. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Pyramus. F (after line 167). †189. *vp in thee*] F. now againe

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Pyra. *Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!*

This. *As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you!*

197

Pyr. *O, kiffe mee through the hole of this vilde wall!*

This. *I kiffe the walles hole; not your lips at all!*

199

Pyr. *Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?*

Thy. *Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay!*

201

[*Exeunt PYRAMUS & THISBY.*]

Wal. *Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;*

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [Exit Clow.* 203

Duk. Now is the Murall downe† between the two neighbors!

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
heare without warning! 206

Dutch. (Hyp.) This is the filliest stiffe, that euer I heard!

Duke. The best in this kinde, are but shadowes; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 209

Dutch. (Hyp.) It must be your 'imagination', then; & not
theirs.

Duke. If we 'imagine' no worse of them, then they of
themselues, they may passe for excellent men! Here come
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon! 214

*Re-enter Lyon (SNUG), and Moone-shine (STARUELING),
with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.*

Lyon. *You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare*

The smalleſt monſtros mouse that creepes on floore,)

*May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage doth roare!* 218

Then know that I (one‡ Snug the boyner) am

A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme; 220

*For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity, on my life!* 222

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience!

Deme. The very 'best' at a 'beast', my Lord, that ere I ſaw!

Lys. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!

Duk. True: and a goode for his discretion! 226

*203. *Exit Clow.*] F.

214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.

†204. *Murall downe*] Pope(ed. 2). 22.—W. A. Wright.

morall downe F. Moon vſed Q | 219. *one*] F. as Q1, 2.

I, 2. 220. *Lyon-fell* = lion's ſkin, hide.

V. i. 196-226.] 58

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

De. Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goofe'.

Duk. His 'discretion', I am sure, cannot 'carry' his 'valour'; For the 'goofe' carries not the 'fox'. It is well! leaue it to his 'discretion', and let vs listn to the Moone! 231

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the hornēd moone present.* . . .

(Deme. He should haue worne the hornes on his* head!

Duk. He is no crescent; and his hornes are inuisible, with-
in the circumference!) 235

Moone. *This lanthorne doth the hornēd moone present:*

Myselfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be. . . .

Duke. This is the greatest errour of all the rest: the 'man' should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man ith Moone'? 240

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already 'in snuffe'.

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) I am aweary of this *Moone!* Would hee woulde change! 244

Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtefie, in all reason, wee must stay the time!

Lysan. Proceede, *Moone!* 248

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [*Points to each.*]

Deme. Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes *Thi/by*!

Re-enter THISBY.

Th. *This is ould Nинies tumbe. Where is my loue?* 254

Lyon. [*The Lion roares.*] *Oh!* [*THISBY runs off.* †

Dem. Well roard, *Lyon!*

Duke. Well runne, *Thi/by*!

Dutch. (*Hyp.*) Well shone, *Moone!* Truly, the Moone shines with a good grace. 259

[*The Lyon touzles THISBYS mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.*

*233. his] Q₂, F. nis Q.

1255. *The Lion roares. . . Thisby runs off.*] F (after 'Oh,' 255).

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Duk. Well mouz'd, Lyon !

Dem. And then came Pyramus ! . . .

Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht ! 261

Re-enter PYRAMUS, girt with a Sword.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams ! 262

I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright !

For, by thy gratioues, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to take, of truest Thisby, sight ! 265

But stay : o spight ! [Sees THISBY's mantle.

But marke, poore knight,

What dreadfull dole is here ! 268

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it bee ?

O dainty duck ! o deare ! 271

Thy mantle good, . . .

What ! slained with blood ?

Approach, ye Furies fell !

O Fates, come, come !

Cut thread and thrumme !

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 277

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would
goe neere to make a man looke sad !

Dut. (Hyp.) Besrewre my heart, but I pitty the man !

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame ? 281

Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare,
Which is, (no, no !) which was, the fairest dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere ! 284

Come teares, confound !

Out, sword ! and wound [Draws his Sword.

The pappe of Pyramus ! 287

I, that left pappe,

Where heart doth hoppe.

Thus dy I ! thus, thus, thus ! [Stabs himselfe.

Now am I dead !

Now am I fled !

My soule is in the sky ! 293

Tongue, loose thy light !

Moone, take thy flight !

Now dy, dy ! dy, dy, dy ! [Dies. 296

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Dem. No 'Die' but an ace for him; For he is but 'one'.

Lys. Lesse then an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,
and yet prooue an 'Afe'. 300

Dut. (Hyp.) How chance *Moone-shine* is gone, before *Thisby*
comes backe, and findes her louer?

Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee
comes! and her passion ends the Play. 304

*Re-enter THISBY.**

Dut. (Hyp.) Me thinkes she should not vse a long one, for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be briefe! 306

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*,
which *Thisby*, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs!
she, for a woman, God blesse vs!

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.

Deme. And thus she meanes, *videlicet* :— 311

Thisf. *A-sleepe, my loue?* [Shakes him.]

What? dead! my douse?

O Pyramus, arise! 314

Speake, speake! Quite dumbe?

Dead! dead? A tumbe

Must couer thy sweete eyes. 317

These lilly lippes,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowlippe cheekes, 320

Are gon! are gon!

¶ Louers, make mone!

His eyes were greene as leekes. 323

¶ O Sisters three!

Come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as milke! 326

Lay them in gore,

Since you haue shore

With sheeres, his threedee of filke! 329

F. ^{300. yet prooue]} Q. prooue Q2, | line 302).

308. warnd] Q1, 2. warrant,

**Re-enter . . .*] Enter . . . F (after | mod. edd. he . . . blesse vs] F om.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

¶ Tongue, not a word!

¶ Come, trusty sword!

[Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.

Come, blade, my breast imbrew! [Stabs herselfe.

¶ And farewell, friends!

Thus Thysby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[DIES. 335

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.*

Bott.† [Starting vp] No! I assure you, the wall is downe
that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epi-
logue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce between two of our
company? 341

Duke. No 'Epilogue,' I pray you! For your Play needs no
excuse. Neuer excuse! For when the Players are all deade,
there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had
played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it
would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and
very notably discharg'd! But come, your 'Burgomaske'! let
your 'Epilogue' alone! [A Bergomaske Daunce. May 2. 348

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers, to bed! tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outfleepe the comming morne,

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

352

This palpable-grosse Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!

A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity!

[Exeunt. 356

Enter PUCKE, with a broom.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roares,

357

And the wolfe behowl's the Moone;

Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,

All with weary taske foredoone.

360

Now the wafted brands doe glowe,

361

Whilst the scriech-owle, scrieching lowd,

*337. too] Q2, F. to Q.

†338. Bott.] Bot. F. Lyon Q1, 2.

2, F.

358. behowl's] Theobald (War-

357. Lyon] Rowe. Lyons Q1, 2.

burton). beholds Q1, 2, F.

[V. i. 330-362.]

62

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Puts the wretch that lyes in woe, | |
| In remembrance of a shrowde. | 364 |
| Now it is the time of night, | 365 |
| That the graues, all gaping wide, | |
| Euery one lets forth his spright, | |
| In the Churchway paths to glide. | 368 |
| And wee Fairies, (that doe runne | 369 |
| By the triple <i>Hecates</i> teame, | |
| From the presence of the Sunne, | |
| Following darkenesse like a dreame,) | 372 |
| Now are frolick : not a mouse | |
| Shall disturbe this hallowed house ! | 374 |
| I am sent with broome, before, | |
| To sweene the dust behinde the dore. | 376 |

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

| | |
|--|-----|
| <i>Ob.</i> Through the houise giue glimmering light, | 377 |
| By the dead and drowfie fier ! | |
| Euery Elfe and Fairy spright, | |
| Hop as light as birde from brier ; | 380 |
| And this dittie, after mee, | |
| Sing, and daunce it trippingly ! | 382 |
| <i>Tita.</i> First, rehearse your song by rote, | |
| To each word a warbling note ! | 384 |
| Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, | |
| Will we sing, and bleffe this place. | 386 |

OBERONS Song : the Fairies sing it after him, & daunce.*

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Ob.</i> Now, vntill the breake of day, | |
| Through this house each Fairy stray ! | 388 |
| To the best bride-bed will wee, | |
| Which by vs shall bleffed be ; | 390 |
| And the issue there create, | |
| Euer shall be fortunate : | 392 |
| So shall all the couples three, | |
| Euer true in louing be : | 394 |
| And the blots of natures hand, | |
| Shall not in their issue stand, | 396 |

*386. *Oberons song*] The Song. F. Song and dance. Capell.

387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre, | |
| Nor marke prodigious, (such as are | 398 |
| Despised in nativitie,) | |
| Shall vpon their children be. | 400 |
| With this field-deaw consecrate, | |
| Euery Fairy take his gate, | 402 |
| And each feuerall chamber bleffe, | |
| Through this palace with sweete peace ! | 404 |
| And the owner of it bleft, | |
| Euer shall in safety ref. | 406 |
| Trippé away ! make no stay ! | |
| Meete me all, by breake of day ! | 408 |

[*Exeunt all but PUCKE.*

Eplogue.

| | |
|---|-----|
| <i>Robin.</i> If we shadowes haue offendēd, | |
| Thinke but this, (and all is mended,) | 410 |
| That you haue but flumberd here, | |
| While these visions did appeare. | 412 |
| And this weake and idle theame, | |
| (No more yielding, but a <i>DREAME</i>), | 414 |
| Gentles, doe not reprehend ! | |
| If you pardon, wee will mend : | 416 |
| And, as I am an honest <i>Puck</i> , | |
| If we haue vnearned luck, | 418 |
| Now to scape the Serpents tongue, | |
| We will make amends, ere long : | 420 |
| Elfe the <i>Puck</i> , a 'lyer' call. | |
| So, good night vnto you all ! | 422 |
| Glue me your hands, if we be friends ; | |
| And <i>Robin</i> shall restore amends. | 424 |

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have these transpos'd. C. R. W., in *Illustr. Lond. News*, set 'em right.

FINIS.

NOTES.

- p. 2, I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, *This man / hath b'witcht /*; or better, for 6, *This / man hath / bewitcht /*
- p. 9, I. ii. 22. *To the rest!* . . . is 'Now go on to the rest of the Players!' (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.
- p. 18, II. i. 249. Scan, 'I know / a banke / where the wilde / time / blowes /'. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, *īd—īt, īm—blō*.
- p. 43, III. ii. 461. *'Iacke shall haue Till.'* Cp. Berowne's 'Iacke hath not Gill,' p. 82 abuv, *L. L. Lost*, V. ii. 850, and
'All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'
- Iacke and Gill.* 12. Heywood's *Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred proverbes.* 1562.
- p. 43, III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his *Damoiselle*, IV. ii.
- p. 43, Direction after l. 463. A friend writes, 'This alteration of F. destroys a little bit of stage history: F. means that the Actors lie asleep on the stage while the Music plays which marks the interval between the Acts. Compare stage directions in *Marston*, Vol. i, pp. 104, 132, 162-3, 178, 191, 200, 219, 253, 254, and vol. ii, pp. 88, 227, 234; ed. Halliwell.'
- p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. *to helpe Causality Cobwebbe to scratch.* Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous adventure': see l. 12-16. He would read *Pease-blossom.* ? A slip of Shakspere's. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.
- p. 50, IV. i. 207-8. *me thought I had.* ? Bottom feels his head.
- p. 51, IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to Snout, who has no other speech, and Flute's correction, 13-14, to Quince, because Quince is generally the corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speech was like a tangled chaine' (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went 'to see a noyse that he *heard*'. He might therefore mistake 'Paramour' for 'Paragon'; he was but one of the 'hempen homespunnes' (III. i. 66), 'patches, rude Mechanicals' (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.
- p. 53, V. i. 34. *after-supper.* ? the old *rere-supper*.
- p. 53, V. i. 39. *abridgement*, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: "they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time." II. ii. 548. (Cp. *briefe*, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.
- p. 59, V. i. 242. *in snuff*, metaphorically, 'in anger'.
- p. 64, V. i. 420, 424. *amends.* What play had Shakspere in hand then? *The Merchant?*
- p. 64, V. i. 423. *Give me your hands: clap your hands, applaud.*

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